

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XV.

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 12

My Christmas Gift

Across the Solemn silences of night

Moves with pale flashing an angelic throng,
Enraptured earth beneath the starlit sky
Robed in a fleecy garb doth lie,
Ringing with echoes of celestial song.
Yon moon doth seem with brighter beam to shine

Cruising adown a jewelled azure sea.
Hark to the music of the midnight chimes!
Rending the sepulchre of olden times
In telling men of Christ's Nativity.
Soft now as noiseless tread of angels' feet
Through the still air the snowflakes drift.
Mystic the night. Upon His bed of straw,
An Infant born to teach love's law
Shall know my prayer for thee—my Christmas Gift.

—A. F. Browne, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey THAT HERETICAL BISHOP

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

There had been heated controversy in the house of Houlihan. Father Timothy Casey sensed it the moment he entered. Old Luke himself, face flushed and eyes flashing, was pacing the floor and pulling savagely at his extinct "dudeen." Stubbornly deaf to the politely solicitous, "Whisht, whisht," of his better half, he began forthwith to pour out his outraged feelings before the priest.

"Tis a sin an' a shame, no less, yer Riverence. What's wrong wid the bishop, I dunno, that he doesn't suspind every mother's son of them?"

"Will ye kape a dacent tongue in yer head, whin ye spakes to the priesht, Luke—an' about his Lordship the bishop, too," chided Mrs. Houlihan.

"I yields to no wan," cried Luke, bringing down his fist on the little table with a resounding thump that set the statue of the Sacred Heart a dancing. "I yields to no wan in rispec' and' riverence for the bishops of the howly Catholic Church. But is our bishop a Catholic at all, whin he allows such goings on?"

"In heaven's name, Mr. Houlihan, what has gone wrong that you bring such charges against our saintly bishop?" said Father Casey.

"What's gone wrong, is it? They do be after havin' a Prodestan Mass in St. Malachy's. That's what's gone wrong."

"Sure, yer Riverence, I'll tellin' him there's some mistake. The good min at St. Malachy's——"

"No mistake at all, woman," broke in Luke, "no mistake. Didn't I see it wid me own two eyes this blessed morning? After me night shift at the rowlin' mill, I sez to mysel', I'll drop into St. Malachy's for a bit of a Mass, sez I. An' there at God's howly althar stands a Prodestan haythen sayin' a Prodestan haythen Mass. A mistake, sez she? Nary a mistake. Not wan 'Dominus Wobiscum' from beginning to ind. An' the clothes on him—'twas outrageous. An' the singin'—like a banshee in a grave yard; 'twould freeze the blood in you, 'twould that."

"You see, Father, it was a Melchite monk saying Mass for the Melchites living down by the disposal plant. But Dad will have it he

was not a real Catholic because he did not say Mass in Latin." This from Eileen, a sophomore in St. Mary's High School.

"I don't care whether he was a Malakite or a Campbelite or a Jebusite or—or—or what not. The honest Irish didn't build St. Malachy's for to have furrin Prodestans commin' there an' sayin' their sacrilaygious Mass."

"Do not be disturbed, Luke," the priest hastened to explain, "you may rest assured that he is a real Catholic, otherwise Father Mulcahy would not have him there."

"If he is a rale Catholic, why doesn't he say a rale Mass, instead of all them goins on?"

"It was a real Mass. The ceremonies were different but the essentials were the same. Eileen, tell your father the principal parts of the Mass."

"The Offertory, the Consecration, and the Communion."

"Now, Luke, these three parts were unquestionably present in his Mass. He took bread and wine and offered them; he pronounced over them the words of Consecration and changed them into the Body and Blood of Our Lord; he received them in Holy Communion."

"Thin, why did he use that furrin jargon instead of sayin' his prayers in Latin like anny daycint priesht?"

"Because the pope told him not to use Latin, but to use his own language."

"To say Mass an' not use Latin! Is that the Mass, at all?"

"Mass is Mass whenever a rightly ordained priest offers bread and wine, consecrates, and communicates. The language he uses in so doing does not affect the validity of the Mass. Mass was said in several other languages before it was ever said in Latin. The first Mass, celebrated by Our Lord Himself, was said in an Aramaic language. The apostles said Mass principally in Greek. Aramaic and Greek, as well as six or seven others, are used even today by genuine Catholic priests."

"Do you mane to say, yer Riverence," asked Mrs. Houlihan, "that a priesht may use anny language he plazes? Could he say Mass in Irish, now?"

"The priest has no liberty of choice in the matter. He must say Mass in the language which the pope commands him to use and in no other. So sacred and sublime is this great act of worship that only the head of the Church can decide, even to the minutest details, what

the priest must do during Mass in order to celebrate worthily and devoutly."

"I'm not gainsayin' yer Riverence, but—" Luke's hard head was not easily impressed. "But ar-re they mimbers of the Catholic Church at all, them that houlds to such barbayrous languages?"

"Are they members of the Catholic Church? Eileen," the priest had recourse to his unfailing informant. "Who are members of the Catholic Church?"

"All those," she replied, "who profess the faith of Christ, partake of the same sacraments, and are governed by their lawful pastors under one visible head, the pope."

"Examine that definition, Luke. You will see only three things are necessary to be a genuine Catholic: (1) To believe all that God has revealed; (2) to make proper use of the sacraments God has instituted; (3) to obey God's visible representative, the pope. Now, the pope commands the Copts to say Mass in Coptic, the Chaldeans in Chaldean, the Armenians in Armenian, just as he commands us to say Mass in Latin. By obeying him they show themselves as good Catholics as we are."

"An' whyever, now, should they be tould to do such a thing?"

"Precisely because the Church is a good mother—so kind, so sympathetic, so considerate of the feelings of her children. Her motto is, and always has been: in essential things, unity; in non-essential things, liberty; in all things, charity."

"Father, how did the Church decide what languages should be used and who should use them?" asked Eileen.

"The Church did not have to decide; the matter decided itself. All the Church had to do was to approve of the natural adjustment. The apostles received the commission from Our Lord: 'Teach all nations.' They set to work at once. They explained the truths revealed to the Church; they described the sacraments confided to the Church; language was the least of their worries. Their first converts were in the Orient and in Greece. These places had well developed languages. Quite naturally, then, the newly founded Christian communities began to say Mass, administer the sacraments, and write down the doctrines received from the apostles, in their own language. Later on St. Peter reached Rome. Rome at that time was like America today—every language of the known world was spoken there. As most of the first

Christians in Rome were accustomed to the use of Greek, Mass in the beginning was said in Greek, rather than in Latin. St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans in Greek. It was only many years later that the Church, in order to prevent confusion, decreed that, in Rome, Mass should be said in the official language of the time, that is, Latin. Now, when Latin was finally adopted for Rome, it would have been very arbitrary and inconsiderate to command Greece and the Orient to quit saying Mass in their mother tongue and translate all the liturgical prayers, which they had grown, through long usage, to know and love, into an alien language. They would have protested, saying: Why must we do this? Holy Mass was said in our language long before it was said in Latin. We received the faith directly from the apostles. We say Mass just as we were taught by them. Why must we change? No, forcing Latin upon them would have wounded their sensibilities unnecessarily. Holy Mother Church never does that. She holds to her motto: in essential things, unity; in non-essential things, liberty; in all things, charity. She permitted and even commanded them to continue saying Mass and administering the sacraments just as they had been doing. And so we have, even to this day, in certain Eastern regions, Armenians and Greeks, Roumanians and Melchites, Maronites and Chaldeans, Copts and Ruthenians, who say Mass in a language distinct from the Latin."

"But, outside of those few rites, all the rest of the world uses Latin for Holy Mass, does it not, Father?"

"Yes, Eileen," returned the priest.

"Why is that?"

"Because all the rest of the world receives the faith from Rome, and the official language of Rome was Latin. Furthermore, many of those countries of Europe were in semi-barbarism at the time Christianity was introduced among them. Their own languages were primitive, imperfectly developed, and changing. To use these languages for the celebrations of Mass and the administration of the sacraments would have been most unsatisfactory. As these peoples became more cultured, Latin grew to be the common language among the better educated. Hence it was natural to use Latin as the official language of the Church in all those countries. Latin once generally established as the liturgical language in all the regions Christianized from Rome, the Church authorities decided to retain it. A common language would

make for unity. Catholics passing from one country to another would find Mass celebrated always in the same way. Latin was a fixed and permanent language, while the others were undergoing constant change, therefore, the exact doctrines of the Church and the exact words of the sacraments would be better safeguarded in Latin. And so, you see, Mass is said in Latin throughout the greater part of the world because the pope has so ordered; it is said in Greek, Ruthenian, etc., in certain regions, because the pope has so ordered. The Catholicity of those peoples is quite as genuine as ours because they hold the same faith, partake of the same sacraments, and obey the same visible head, the pope."

"Thin, what do this Malakite be doing, sayin' Mass in a furrin tongue here at St. Malachy's?" queried Luke.

"He has come to this country to take care of colonies of his own countrymen, who have settled here. He is not allowed to say Mass in any language but his own. In the course of time, these foreigners, who have settled among us, will learn our language and adopt our ways; then they will pass over to the Latin Rite. Holy Church is an indulgent mother; she does not hurry them, but lets them make the change gradually and naturally."

"They're a Roomaynian works by me in the rowlin' mill. In his church there is Mass an' Confession an' everything, sez he; but he has no use for us Catholics."

"That is true. Certain parts of the Greek and Oriental Churches have fallen away. They retain Mass and the sacraments, but they are no longer genuine Catholics—they are schismatics or heretics."

"How can a body tell the wan from the other?"

"To be candid, Luke, it is not always easy, for some of them cannot give a very clear account of themselves. I have heard it related that one of them came to Father Pat to have a baby baptized. Father Pat hesitated—he could not lawfully baptize the baby unless the parents were genuine Catholics. 'Me Catlik,' said the Greek. Father Pat still hesitated—even heretic Greeks call themselves Catholics. 'Me Catlik, like da priest,' the Greek insisted. Still Father Pat hesitated—the heretic Greeks have priests. 'Me Catlik, like da pope.' And still Father Pat hesitated—the heretic Greeks have bishops whom they sometimes call popes. 'Me Catlik,' cried the Greek in a last desperate effort. 'Me Catlik like da Irishman.' Father Pat baptized the baby. In a doubt, Luke, you might apply the same test," said Father Casey.

The Student Abroad

EGYPT AND HOME

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Leaving Jerusalem, the train speeds eastward through the mountains of Judea to the beautiful Vale of Sorek, the last important valley between the capital of Palestine and the sea. As we pass over the delightful meadows, the story of Samson and his combats with the Philistines recurs to us, more vividly of course because of the actual setting spread before us. Westward lie the hills which formed the stronghold of the Israelites; to the east, the low, rolling hills mark the territory of the Philistines. Here the valorous Samson met Delilah—and figuratively speaking, his Waterloo.

Changing trains at Lud, the ancient Lydda of St. Peter's ministry, our real journey south to the frontier of Palestine begins. The right of way follows the sea fairly regularly and the heat of the journey is tempered somewhat by the occasional breezes that blow in from the water. Sand-dunes, rock-strewn waste, little towns apparently baked by the merciless sun till devoid of life, refreshing glimpses of the cobalt surface of the calm Mediterranean, follow each other in dreary succession. Yet, there is an element of interest to be found in the reflection that this was probably the route, at least in the main, which the Holy Family followed in their flight to Egypt. Out of the bleak, vast extent, one spot stands as refreshing in its beauty as its surroundings are drear. It is the oasis at the mouth of the historic "torrent of Egypt." The bed of the stream is clearly marked by the wide expanse of pure white sand glistening in the sunshine. On either side, extend the large groves of date palms, stately and heavily laden with fruit, which demonstrate the fertility of the place. Framed between the walls of palms on either side and the vast expanses of limpid blue above and white sand in the foreground, is the sea. The beauty of the place is unforgettable.

Nightfall finds us at Kantara on the Suez Canal, tired after the long hours in the crowded coaches and with our patience well nigh exhausted after a series of senseless discussions with an Egyptian official whose chief badges of office were to all appearances, a meek servant, a brief-case carried by the meek servant, and a fancy fly-

swatter. The matter of customs, always a nuisance when there is a great difference in the languages used by the officials and the travelers, finally disposed of, we reached the ferry which was to take us over the canal. A motley crowd of passengers filled the little steamer; European travelers, natives, some in native costume and others in semi-European, and Egyptian women with their black veils covering their faces. Out of the night, a huge dark mass bore down on us and passed across our bows; its lights marking it as an ocean steamer. In the distance, other lights indicated the course of the canal and the traffic passing through it as this hour. The traffic is heavy for the Suez Canal is the hallway to the far East; hence the reason for the care which the English government takes for its protection. The zone of authority of the English Suez Canal Police extends far into Palestinian territory; the Egyptian government having nothing to do with the canal.

Through the night by the fast Port Said-Cairo express—then a haven of rest, Cairo, the capital of the Pharaohs! Fatigue fails to lessen the thrill of delight that comes over the traveler. Yet, here too the inevitable shock is experienced when the delights of the imagination built on the readings of historical data have to yield to the hard fact that those ages of history and romance are gone and we are in the very brisk, businesslike present. A group of English officers whom we had met in Jerusalem, came to the station to give our party a formal welcome. It gave us the feeling that we were reaching home. No matter how wearisome a journey may be or how tedious, there is a warm glow that fills the heart at the sight of a familiar face and the sound of a familiar greeting at the journey's end. So it was now. It was the writer's first experience with the full warmth of the charming English courtesy and it was never to be forgotten. The experience, it may be mentioned, was repeated many, many times before he finally boarded the steamer that was to take him to America.

One would imagine that after visiting so many famous cities, Cairo would have nothing of additional interest to offer. The contrary was the case, for the chief city of Egypt, which we made the base of all our Egyptian expeditions, offered new and decidedly unique viewpoints on history and life each day we spent under the green flag with the crescent and stars. For the metropolis contains within its area the most oriental of the east and the most progressive and modern of the European; with, of course, the background of ancient Egyptian civilization

as it exists today in museums or in outlying ruins, for a background. The student who would realize the shortness of life and the insignificance of mere man, should go to Cairo and stay there for a while and think. It is the center of a land that thinks in races and dynasties and civilizations instead of years.

Within the city itself, perhaps the greatest interest centers in the new government museum with its treasures recovered from the tomb-regions to the south. Practically every era of history is represented by the specimens on exhibition there; prehistoric images and mummies of potentates before whom nations once bowed in fear, and gigantic statues of exquisite workmanship and odd articles of familiar use in ordinary houses; stone records and papyri inscriptions, room after room of them; jewels and wealth that once made Egypt's monarchs renowned for the splendor of their ornamentation; all these and more describe more vividly than written words the magnificence of the centuries long since past. Among the recent discoveries, those from the tomb of King Tutankamon naturally aroused the most interest. The collection is one of the best, because, owing to its location, the tomb of King Tut escaped the hands of robbers. One could spend a week at least, with profit in this treasure house of historic lore.

Not far from the city of Cairo, on the western shores of the Nile lie the pyramids and the Sphinx. Standing grim and silent against the cloudless sky with the bleak expanse of the Lybian desert in the background stretching to the horizon, they are the personification of mystery. The western bank of the Nile might well be called the national cemetery of Egypt, for the pyramids in the north and the tombs hollowed out of the rocky mountains in the south are nothing more than shelter for the remains of the departed. No preacher ever spoke a more telling sermon on the transitory nature of things human and the vanity of things of earth than these gigantic battered monuments which stand their ceaseless silent watch over shattered temples and empty tombs and sand. The finest view is to be had in the evening from the eastern bank of the Nile, when the pyramids, dwarfed by distance, are to be seen silhouetted against the golden sunset. At other times and viewed from nearby, they seem to be senseless piles of huge stones, each about four or five feet square, piled tier on tier till they terminate in a point against the blue. One must either enter on, or ascend to the summit, to appreciate their actual dimensions. Taking the pyramid of

Cheops, for instance, one enters closely behind a guide, clambers clumsily along the narrow, dark passageway feeling one's way along the clammy rock that forms the walls and finally emerges in a somewhat large and lofty chamber situated in the center of the mass. This was the royal burial chamber and the marks of the location of the tomb, together with some broken remnants, remain the sole witnesses to the former occupant.

Pictures shown in papers generally show only three of the pyramids and so give the impression that there are only three in existence. As a matter of fact, there are in all about forty pyramids of various sizes scattered at unequal intervals along the western bank of the Nile.

Farther south in Egypt and on the same side of the Nile, where the desert expanse is broken by the jagged ridges of barren, rocky mountains, the tombs were carved out of the mountains themselves. The style of the tombs is always the same; a large square entrance; a long hall of the same dimensions as the entrance, the tomb chamber. Along the sides of the hallway and on the ceiling, there are usually brilliant frescoes depicting the various incidents marking the transition of the departed on his journey from the land of the living to the realm of heaven. The picture work is graphic and the coloring perfectly preserved. They offer the student first hand information on the system of beliefs regarding the hereafter that went to make up a large part of the ancient theology of Egypt. But the purpose of all the work, the preservation for all time of the remains of the monarch buried in each was frustrated in the course of time. Now the chambers are the center of attraction for students and tourists and the mummied bodies themselves are specimens on exhibition in museums in Cairo and in various cities of Europe.

Somewhat farther south, in the valley of the queens, the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut with its magnificent temple built by the same queen, enjoys the most strikingly beautiful situation of all. Back of the magnificent colonnades and passageways rises the sheer rock wall of a majestic mountain; in front of them, the ground with its scattered ruins, covering a surprisingly large area falls away rapidly till it becomes one with the level of the Nile. Here and there in the distance along with the verdant banks of the stream, a solitary palm stands like a sentinel over the wastes of sand. Across the river, the thick groves and the straggling towns with their low flat buildings of common brick

covered with clay, form an odd background for this picture. It might aptly be called, "Life and Death." Here where we stand there is silence and decay; there across the rushing waters—fit emblem of Time—there is action, life, progress. Here we stand in the thirtieth century before Christ; there, they move in the twentieth after Christ; between the two extremes the Nile flows on everlastingly to the sea.

Egypt too has its sanctuaries and they offer the same impressive comparison. At Materieh, there is a pretty church, hidden beneath the overhanging foliage of thickly clustered palms, which serves to keep alive the memory of the sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt during the time when Herod was seeking the life of the Divine Child. Not far away, as we measure distances in America, the monumental ruins of the temples of Luxor and Karnak, gorgeous memorials to the golden age of Egyptian architecture, recall the centuries of religious darkness when pagan gods received their daily homage in Egypt. Karnak in particular beggars description. Its proportions are so wonderful that unless one views each separate feature whether it be a chamber or a sanctuary or a pylon, or a colonnade together with some other known standard for measuring, no accurate idea is to be had of their dimensions. The extent covered by the long series of temples and their adjoining chambers is incredible. Moreover, the immensity of the stones situated in the walls and forming the lofty ceilings of the chambers adds to the bewilderment of the visitor. These temples at Luxor and Karnak, though perhaps the most universally known, are really but a few of the very large number of magnificent temples situated throughout the length of Egypt and located on both sides of the Nile. Farther south at Assouan, the island of Philae might well be called a temple island for virtually the entire surface of the island was given over to sacred structures, rich in monumental beauties and still richer in their mural engravings.

Not far from the island of Philae stands the immense dam across the Nile which serves to check the flow of the river and permit the orderly irrigation of vast areas of land farther to the north. By means of the numerous canals arranged to convey the precious water inland, we were told, almost two provinces have been regained from the ravages of the encroaching sand of the desert.

The water of the Nile and of course of the canals is exceedingly muddy and the silt deposited in the flood season provides the soil which

is the basis for Egypt's claim as a fertile country. Hence the contrast that greets the eye with every mile that is traversed along the Nile; dense vegetation as far as the river reaches, then dead, bleak desert. Wherever there are towns, especially in the south, they are usually located beyond the line of vegetation on the sand of the desert. Bricks of clay and straw, straggling walls, low-roofed houses; unkempt children and women clad from head to foot in black, seen usually only in the evening as they plod on their way to the water's edge to fill a large earthen jar with water and carry it on their heads back to their homes; men, sinewy and strong, but burned brown by the sun—behold the cities and the city life and imagine the rest.

In the midst of this queer mixture of barrenness and tropical fertility, Elephantine Island offers a charming picture. The swift river courses along the huge boulders polished bright by the friction of ages, which mark the shore; graceful palms toss their jaunty heads against the clear blue sky and occasional houses, somewhat more cheerful in appearance than those of the villages through which we passed, can be seen in the interior. And there is more than mere still life. As our sailboat passes in the lee of the island, the children noticing with hawk-like acuteness that we are foreigners, rush to the water's edge, crying with childish voices, "Baksheesh"—the typical ejaculatory prayer of the native Egyptian of the poorer class. It means "alms." We heard it so often that one member of the party remarked it must be the first word the babies learned after papa and mama. And the director, who had spent a long time in Egypt, dryly responded, "No, they learn Baksheesh first!"

Still, Egypt is a land of limitless wonder and charm. There is history here and there is romance. And nowhere is the story of life with all its vicissitudes more vividly depicted with living characters filling the successive chapters from cradle to grave, than in this mysterious land that borders the Nile.

Another day in Cairo spent in visiting the soldiers at the Kasr-el-Nil barracks and at the Citadel, whence a magnificent panorama of the city was had; and in rambling through the picturesque native quarters of the city with their colorful bazaar decorated more than usual this day in honor of some national holiday; another intense storing up of impressions and memories against the long years that must be given over to reminiscences; and nightfall finds us once more on the train, speeding northwest across the successive arms of the delta to Alexandria.

The following morning, the steamer arrives and by evening we are again on the sea, bound for France. It is difficult to realize that November has arrived; that more than two months have passed since we assembled to begin our expedition. As the steamer proceeds slowly toward the open sea, we gather at the stern. The expanse of water widens more and more; the minarets and the cupolas glistening in the evening sun blend more and more with the haze of distance; sky and sea meet like the drawing of blue curtains over a final tableau.

Our course brings us past Sicily once more; past majestic Stromboli who proceeds to fire a smoky salute as we pass; past grim Elba renowned for all time as the place of exile of Napoleon; on around the northern cliffs of Corsica, through rough seas and wintry weather to Marseilles. The sun breaks through the drab clouds as we enter the historic harbor and we are able to view the picturesque old seaport gayly decorated for the occasion of Armistice Day.

From the lofty piazza in front of Notre Dame de la Garde, in spite of a drizzle and chilly fog which settled over the city shortly after we arrived, we were able to get a wonderful view of the city. Then by swift train to Paris and our leap from antiquity to the present was complete.

What beauty, what exquisite taste! No wonder they boast and with reason, "Every view is a vista." It seems as though every avenue of importance ends in some artistic feature, either a massive arch spanning the extremity of the street or tasteful grouping of buildings erected in harmonious styles, or perhaps a beautiful building set square across the street; always it is the same. One sees the line of buildings and sidewalks stretch ahead into the distance converging at last in some object of striking beauty. Most striking of all, however, is the majestic basilica of Notre Dame, with its glorious facade and its flying buttresses seeming at a distance to be strands stolen from a spider web; and its marvelous windows. One afternoon is set aside solely in order to view these windows at leisure. Then there is the Louvre with its treasured heirlooms of mediaeval and modern artistic genius. Versailles and its gardens and chateaux offers one brief but intensely interesting excursion. Most enjoyable of all, perhaps, is one afternoon, spent viewing the heart of the French people as viewed in the silent recesses of the superb votive basilica of the Sacred Heart which overlooks Paris from the majestic summit of Montmartre.

Then London; great; even as magnificent as Paris but in a different

way, just as the national genius its buildings express differs from the national spirit that gives life and vivacity to the structures of Paris. The famous fogs are holding session and the rain and the late autumn chill; nevertheless, London attracts the student visitor. Tower Hill and the Tower with all its memories, the venerable Minster with its treasured contents of renowned dead; St. Paul's and its reverent silence and majestic vast spaces; the somber Thames crowded with the shipping representing far-flung commercial interests of England; the marvelous British Museum; and best of all to the student perhaps because so different from what he had hitherto experienced, the innumerable old-fashioned corners and nooks still retaining the forms and traditions of other days; London provided entertainment to an extent that would require a stay of a month to appreciate.

Some people travel and some tour. In the Museum, an incident occurred which throws light on the viewpoint outlined in the first of this long series of articles. While the student was poring over some prehistoric remains with a view to gathering some information regarding data gathered during the days in Palestine, a man rushed up to him, asked directions and paused to talk, while he mopped his brow.

"This is tremendous," he ejaculated. "I'm trying to get to the gold collection, but even if a fellow rushes, he can't make this place in one day. I've done my best, but I haven't made half of it yet." With a glance at the huge cases teeming with specimens of the stone age, he then rushed on, waving his farewell to save time. He would have done better had he remained at his hotel and smoked a cigar while he read about the Museum.

With many pleasant memories stored away of the innumerable courtesies received in London, we hurried on to the rough Irish Sea, crossed to the Emerald Isle and rested. Fog and rain and chilly November weather should have spoiled the pleasure of that visit, but Ireland is the land beautiful and lovable in any season or kind of weather. Given a bit of sun and the emerald green of her hills shines as though they were newly polished and her streams ripple along across the meadows marking them off with straggling silver. And no matter how cold the day, the hearts of her people are always warm and their spirits cheery. They have learned from centuries of experience how to bear a cross with a smile. Roofless houses still remind the passerby of the terrible days of the recent struggle for freedom and the population, scant in proportion

to the territory to be populated, speaks with sad eloquence of the necessity that forces her sons and daughters to board the vessels that sail to the west and gain their livelihood in the land of opportunity. Erin is a land of smiles and tears; a land where philosophic profundities and lighthearted jokes slip easily and gracefully from the same lips; a land which to be seen means to be loved.

With the Stars and Stripes floating from the masthead, the U. S. Republic leaves Queenstown, or as it is now called Cobh, amid the farewell salutations of parting friends and relatives. Snatches of the old Irish songs ring out over the dark water; the sound of the propellers getting the steamer under way breaks through the night; a final blast from the whistle, a final farewell cheer from the gay little tender and we are headed for the open sea.

It is a sharp, swift transition from the heat of southern Egypt to the icy blasts of the Atlantic. To make matters more interesting, the storm which brings the winter's first snow to the New England states sweeps out to sea and catches us two days from port. And the winds blow and the huge waves roll on their way, but the sturdy vessel, triumph of modern ingenuity, plows steadily through wind and wave and finally sails majestically up the entrance to New York harbor, clad in the sheet of heavy ice that gives ample testimony to the struggle she has passed.

Out of the morning mist, all eyes view the haze-covered figure of Liberty enlightening the world. Back of it, the mountainous skyline of New York looms against a drab sky. Boats skimming to and fro on the bay; whistles blowing for the beginning of the day's work; all indicate the intense activity characteristic of the world's most dynamic metropolis. And in turn, it typifies what we are now convinced as never before, is the world's greatest country. Though memory revels in the recollection of many happy days spent in the lands across the seas, of scenes of idyllic splendor, of memorials of glorious antiquity, of collections of the world's best in art; they all form but a background against which our home country with its glorious stars and stripes stands, more beautiful, more charming, more dear; blessed through God's goodness with abundance, material and spiritual to overflowing, and blessed with a citizenry which in the main, knows how, in spite of their drawbacks and faults, to show appreciation of that abundance by making use of it—and thanking God for it.

THE END.

A Page From Our History

A CATHOLIC CONTRIBUTION

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, 1836-1864. Thus reads the inscription under a picture of this famous jurist in the *Encyclopedia Americana*. A big page of our history and a glorious page is hidden under this simple line. So there was a time, a long time indeed—a period of almost thirty years—when the interpretation of the Constitution was confidently entrusted to the hands of a Catholic.

HIS CAREER

Roger Brooke Taney was born on St. Patrick's day, 1777, in Calvert County, Maryland, of an old and well-known Catholic family.

The schooling he had was such as those early days provided. At 8, he was sent to a school three miles distant from the home, as he tells us, "kept in a log-cabin by a well-disposed but ignorant old man who professed to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic as far as the rule of three." For some time after he studied classics under a private tutor at home, and in his 15th year was sent to Dickinson College, where in 1795 he graduated as Bachelor of Arts. During the next three years he read law in Annapolis and was then admitted to the Maryland bar. His success was almost instantaneous.

In 1806 he married Phoebe Charlton Key, the sister of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

In 1799 he was elected to the house of Delegates; in 1816 to the Senate; from 1815 to 1831 he was one of Maryland's leading lawyers; in 1827 he was appointed Attorney General of Maryland; in 1831 Attorney General of the United States; in 1833 Secretary of the Treasury; and in 1836, on the death of Chief Justice Marshall, he was appointed to that office. He died October 12, 1864.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE

Some of the most important cases ever submitted to the Supreme Court were decided by him—for those were the days of slavery, of States' Rights discussions, and of the interpretation and definition of the Constitution.

It was he who brought system into the procedure of the Supreme Court which it lacked under Marshall.

He decided the famous Dred Scott case, in which he showed his unflinching adherence to the strict interpretation of the Constitution. His enemies charged him, on account of it, with being an advocate of slavery. Nothing could be more false. On that he had shown his stand from the beginning. In early life already he had given freedom to all the slaves he had inherited from his father and provided for their welfare. "The old ones he charitably supported by a monthly allowance to the day of their death." And in 1819, while defending the case of a Methodist minister, he had declared:

"A hard necessity compels us to endure the evil of slavery; yet while it continues, it is a blot on our national character."

But Taney never hesitated to take the unpopular side if justice demanded it.

THE CATHOLIC

Chief Justice Taney was a Catholic not only by profession but in deed. A few traits from Murray's Memoir will illustrate this.

He was most devoted to his mother. She—who was Monica Brooke—seems to have been a most amiable woman. Taney himself wrote of her:

"I never in my life heard her say an angry or unkind word to any of her children, or servants, or speak ill of anyone."

When she died, in 1814, she was buried in a little graveyard back of a little chapel—then the only Catholic chapel—in Frederick. Here Taney himself wanted to be buried beside her. "In this chapel," writes his biographer, Samuel Tyler, "with the twilight stillness, Mr. Taney could be seen every morning during his residence in Frederick, rain or sunshine."

One of the best touchstones of practical Faith, however, is the regular reception of the Sacraments. In this Judge Taney was exemplary. But it is the spirit in which he went that reveals the depths of his faith. Father John McElroy, S.J., tells how he often found the Judge waiting at his confessional in a crowd of penitents, mostly colored, until his turn might come. Nobody would have objected to his being preferred, for all knew him. But when Father McElroy tried to favor him and take him out of his turn, he would say:

"No, no; on the bench I am the judge, but here at the confessional I am only a poor sinner, no better than anyone else."

It was known that in troubles and difficulties he was accustomed to receive Holy Communion in order to obtain from God grace and strength to do his duty.

How deep were his convictions may easily be seen from a letter written shortly before his death to a cousin of his, an old man. Taney wrote: "Most thankful am I that the reading, reflection, study, and experience of a long life has strengthened and confirmed my faith in the Catholic Church, which has never ceased to teach her children how they should live and how they should die."

His habit of prayer is revealed to us in a little incident told by his biographer. One day Justice Daniel hastily entered the room of the Chief Justice. He found his kneeling in prayer and therefore quietly retired. Afterwards, meeting the Chief Justice, he apologized for the intrusion. Mr. Taney replied with some kind remark and added that he never began the duties of the day without asking the help of God.

THE GENTLEMAN

What made Mr. Taney's religion more attractive was his gentle bearing. Besides being a great judge and a devout Christian, he was a thorough gentleman—the kindest of men. Everyone that came to work under him was quickly led to regard him with affectionate reverence.

Justice Lamon said of him: "Chief Justice Taney was the greatest and best man I ever met. I never went into his presence on business that his gracious courtesy and kind consideration did not make me feel that I was a better man for having been in his presence."

And Charles O'Conor—who by the way, was the first Catholic to serve as candidate for the presidency—thus characterized his mental powers: "From clear, vigorous and perfectly unimpaired intellect there shone out even to the last moment a force that seemed proof against decay."

We cannot omit the testimony of one who is himself one of the most revered figures in American history, General Robert E. Lee. Of Chief Justice Taney he said:

"I hope when his history is known that it will exalt him in the estimation of all honorable men to the high position he holds in mine."

Small actions become great when they are well done.

Fairy Tales for Grown-ups

WANTED: A DESERT FOR A CAMEL

A. F. BROWNE, C.Ss.R.

Once upon a time that kindly old gentleman with the old-fashioned tall hat, the striped trousers, and the cutaway coat with the long tails, whom we call our Uncle Samuel, and who is the guardian of the American people, their principles and institutions, felt imperatively called upon to do a bit of advertising. So he went out in the harbor of New York, and mounting to the top of the Statue of Liberty, he reached up where she stretches high her hand with the torch of enlightenment, and attached thereto an immense sign, so large that all the people on all the ships which came up the bay might read it. And on that sign in large letters was printed the legend: "Wanted: A Desert for a Camel." Some people thought it was altogether a funny sign, and laughed about it; but Uncle Sam did not laugh, but looked very grave indeed. For it was only the most deplorable conditions in the country which led him to put up that sign; and he knew that things had come to such a pass that something had to be done. I shall tell you about these things.

CHAP. I—THE CAMELS ARE COMING

A good many years ago there were in this country a number of men whose bile was behaving badly, or whose liver was desultory, or whose mother-in-law was something of a pest, or who hadn't the ambition or stamina to make their way through life like ordinary mortals working at ordinary jobs, taking the ordinary joys and comforts of life with wise cheerfulness, and the ordinary sorrows with a grin and an eye to "the silver lining"—and so they became professional reformers. Were suddenly penetrated with that radiant light of the spirit which brought to them the conviction of their peculiar fitness and responsibility in the regeneration of their fellow beings.

Now there isn't any doubt about it that there were really a great many evils in this country at the time, and plenty of room for sensible reform. But these particular reformers were of the Puritanical type to whom even gaiety is a sinful thing. They had succeeded in draining all the joy out of their own lives, and it was more than they could stand to see other people even passably happy. In fact they became grimly determined that everybody else should be as miserable as themselves, or

they would know the reason why. They fingered through their Bibles in a frenzy of righteousness, and they made a great discovery. For there they found written: "Wine rejoiceth the heart of a man." And also: "When a man is sad, give him strong drink." And if as Shakespeare had said: "The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose," by what right should his satanic majesty have a corner on such an interesting game?

There is no error so gross but that it contains a grain of truth. So here it was undeniable that a great many people were partaking of liquids with alcoholic content to a deplorable excess. At the same time, the vast majority of people of such bibulous tendency, drank in moderation. But the reformers with a great show of astuteness pretended altogether to miss this point—a rather important point in the case. So instead of trying by sensible means to help those individuals who drank to excess, they determined by means of unjust legislation to prevent all the people from drinking alcoholic liquids. This would of a certainty take a great deal of the joy out of life, and that was the way to reform the world.

Now in order to make all the people in the country stop drinking, they hit upon a neat plan. The country had a National Bird, the American Eagle; a National Anthem, the Star-Spangled Banner; and both were symbolic and great helps to patriotism. So they thought to win the people to the idea of abstaining from drink by procuring a National Animal. They had read somewhere that a camel was a wonderful animal in that he could go for many days without a drink; and so they argued if they could succeed in making the camel the National Animal of America, the people would very naturally become fired with an intense zeal for total abstinence.

Having settled upon this plan they began their campaign. By preaching in certain religious conventicles, and crying down the evil of drink; and at the same time by enlisting the help of certain politicians, who would make a whale the National Fish if they could procure or hold office by such means, they succeeded in winning over the people in certain localities to the extent that they adopted the camel as the favored animal in their particular locality, and tried to bring about the proper conditions for keeping him. So the shadow of the camel fell across the country, and the people saw the shadow and called it Local Option.

But somehow these intermittent deserts prepared for the camel

could never be kept dry. The reformers denied this to a certain extent, and where they were forced to admit it, they laid the blame upon the surrounding territories, and said that the moisture oozed in thence. The camel was a most worthy animal and well deserving to be adopted by the whole nation. And indeed this was the only way he could be expected to produce the proper effect upon the country.

Soon the propaganda to make the camel the National Animal became intense, and in an incredibly short space of time a great many of our legislators became filled with a remarkable zeal for the moral uplift—of the other fellow. By religio-political campaigning it was brought about that a majority of the states voted to take care of and keep the camel. Of course the majority of the people did not so vote, but there were enough men in the legislatures who did not hesitate to vote against the wishes of their constituents, and so the thing was done. It would make an interesting academic discussion to ascertain the particular force which moved the solons in the case; but from a practical standpoint, bribery and the threat of political boycott are ugly accusations; so we will pass over that point. But it was a touching sight to note how in the supreme legislative body of the nation the members suddenly evinced such zeal for the welfare of the camel. Almost with tears in their eyes they pleaded with their colleagues to vote to make the camel the National Animal; and when this was accomplished, these same zealous individuals were so elated that they proceeded to celebrate by having a few drinks—or at least after a certain number no accurate count was kept of potations. Of course the people are not supposed to mind such duplicity; but it WAS rather rough on the camel. So at last, A.D. 1919, the camel came, and was received with questionable rejoicing as the National Animal of the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." And his name was the 18th Amendment.

There was a man high in the government at the time whose name was Falsehead. Some aver his name is a reflection on his cranial contents. However that may be, he put on a Vaudeville Act in Congress, with the purpose of showing the people with exactitude how to take care of our new National Animal so that he would be contented and happy. This bit of tragic-comedy was known as the Falsehead Act. I judge Mr. Falsehead was a most learned man. He must have been, because when reputable chemists proved scientifically that certain drinks would not hurt the camel, Mr. Falsehead insisted that they would. His

insistence was his only argument, but the practical point is that he insisted successfully. He was determined to have his name go down to posterity in this great reform movement; and he would not permit chemistry or common sense, or anything else to interfere with his Act. At any rate, the American people—or rather those who represented them—or rather again those who should have represented them, but didn't, had gone and made the Camel our National Animal. So that's that!

CHAP. II—THE GREAT AMERICAN SAHARA

Having procured a camel, it was obviously necessary to have a desert in which he could live, and as the soil of this country was notoriously damp, the friends of the camel were confronted with the serious problem of drainage. Large Government reservoirs known as Warehouses, were built, and into these the contraband liquid was sluiced to be preserved in case anyone should become sick enough to really need a bit of the forbidden drink. As for the rest, the police and the keepers of the camel known as Federal Agents, were instructed to divert such liquid as appeared in the open into the public sewers; for now that we had the Camel we must provide a proper desert for him, else would we become the laughingstock of the world—even if we had not already become so by making the camel our National Animal.

So the drainage was a serious problem, and there were many difficulties connected therewith. In the first place, the dykes which were built and called Custom Houses, were found to be perpetually leaking and not at all strong enough to keep out the flood. From Canada, from Mexico, on the Pacific Coast, and on the Atlantic, especially at the New York dyke, it was found impossible to stop the leaks. Besides this springs were breaking out in increasing numbers in the hills and mountains, on many farms, and even—save the mark!—in the cellars of many American homes. These springs were known as stills, and they became so common that many people were of the opinion that a bill should be presented to Congress to change our National Anthem from "The Star-Spangled Banner" to "Oft in the Stilly Night" with the accent on "still." Try as they would the keepers of the camel could not prevent these springs from bursting forth, for it was found on examination that they were fed by such things as corn, raisins, prunes, peaches, potatoes, and many other staple foodstuffs which it was altogether impossible to do away with and keep the people from starving. These

things when set aside with a little sugar would persist in fermenting and producing the contraband liquid. It was a law of nature; but since it interfered with the camel's happiness, this was one instance where nature must be wrong.

Simultaneously with these interesting conditions, there suddenly arose mushroom-like a new American Industry—or I should say Aristocracy, known as Bootleggers. They became fabulously rich, despite the fact that it did take a good slice of their profits to "fix" the keepers of the camel and the police force. Principally through their activities it was brought about that whereas the poor man must go without alcoholic drink, the rich man who could pay the exorbitant price could procure as much as he wished.

Now the people in the country saw these things, and they were angry. Most of them did not want the camel in the first place, because they considered that the government had no right to force the people to adore the camel, as that was an infringement of personal liberty. Furthermore, they said that the thing was an excess in the way of legislation which was both unnecessary and impossible of enforcement.

When those who loved the camel, or were supposed to love him, heard these complaints, they raised their hands in holy indignation. They cried out that the people who said such things were malicious, that's what they were! They were paid to say such things by those who formerly dispensed drink and were known as Saloon Keepers. It was all a lie! The country was not at all wet; and those who imagined it was were merely seeing a mirage in the desert of America. There might be a rill here and there, but it would take time to drain the whole country. Conditions were constantly improving, and soon the Great American Sahara would stretch from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was merely a question of time—and of money!

But wise men were not to be fooled by such talk. They saw that America was no place for the camel, and that the animal was doing more harm than good by his sojourn here. In the matter of expense alone the cost of taking care of the camel was enormous; and it was clearly brought out before the Senate Investigating Committee that even this great amount subsidized for the entire country would scarcely be sufficient to keep the State of New York dry. (Scarcely is a good word.) Men began to see that if the country was to be kept dry you

would have to pay half the people to watch the other half. And who would watch the watchers? The caretakers were asked to show the amounts of money they received to take care of the camel and how they had expended these amounts, and they indignantly refused to do either. Of course it is a serious charge to accuse these men of embezzling funds, but there is one very curious circumstance about the business, in that the caretakers almost without exception became suddenly rich. Their salary would hardly account for the sudden rise to wealth. I say the circumstance is at least curious. Moreover, the care of the camel brought about the neglect of more important things. The budget officer of the Department of Justice went on record as saying that forty-four per cent of the time of the United States District Attorneys was now devoted to taking care of the camel.

But the most discouraging feature of the whole affair is that after all the herculean efforts to procure the Camel the people did not respect him, but went right on drinking to such an extent that the Camel became very sad indeed. And these were not merely people of the lower classes, but Doctors, Lawyers, Druggists, Judges, State Senators, and even Senators and Representatives of the nation. Parties which were extremely moist were held in Government Buildings with the flag of the nation flying over them—although that flag and what it stands for was supposed to protect the interests of the Camel. The Camel is doing considerable towards demoralizing the police force of the country. A few years ago the Chief of Police of Chicago admitted that half his men were in some way engaged in helping to keep the country moist. It is practically the same in every large city. As has been proved time and time again the Federal Agents themselves cannot be trusted, and our Federal Courts are becoming as bad as the Police Courts for professional bondsmen and hangers-on.

To sum up, the benefits which the Camel has brought us have been extremely slight; the harm, almost incalculable. There is a steady increase in drunkenness and crime since the hump-backed hypocrite became our National Animal. The people at large have come to look upon him as something of a joke, and since he was foisted upon us by an Amendment to the Constitution of the country, they are rapidly losing respect for all law.

History tells us how during the Trojan war, the Trojans brought a giant horse within their walls. Some of the wise men argued against

it, but their advice was overruled. The horse looked innocent enough. In fact, it was a most wonderfully artistic horse—to all external appearances; but there was that hidden within the horse which brought about the downfall of Troy. We have brought a Camel into this country. Ostensibly he seemed a very refined animal, and extremely righteous, but there is that hidden within the camel which would ultimately disrupt and ruin this country.

This tale is founded on well known facts. It is by no means a carping at law, or the principles of American Government; but it is an honest arraignment of the stupendous farce of a great nation making a travesty of such a sacred thing as law. And if that be treason, make the most of it. It is high time this country set about by counter-legislative measures to send this freak back to the Mohammedans, who are supposed to care for him as part of their religion. The American Sahara is far too sloppy for him.

THE UNWANTED

It might have been in any house of Bethlehem that Jesus would be born. Any home might have been honored through the centuries as the birthplace of the Saviour.

Yet when He came knocking at their doors, with Joseph's and Mary's hands, they knew Him not and refused Him. He was not wanted—thus.

They might have complained later: "Why did you not show Yourself?" "Lord, when did we see Thee?"

Childhood is unwanted today in many a home. At many a home the Christ-child knocks, with baby fingers. There is no room; they know Him not; He is not wanted—thus.

He? "Lord, when did we see Thee?"

"Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

If men are consumed with such great anxiety to escape temporal and transitory, or rather momentary tribulations, with what anxiety should a man weigh the chances of escaping those which are permanent and everlasting?—*St. Augustine.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

And Now They Whisper Saint

CHAP. XIII. THE PASSING OF THE SHEPHERD

C.Ss.R.

" . . . We have lost him: he is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly."

—Tennyson.

The flaring calendar in the dingy little law-office vividly asserted that this was Thursday, the fifth of January, 1860. A genuine Philadelphia lawyer eyed it sharply, searchingly, piercingly—much the same as he was accustomed to rake a trembling witness on the stand. For a moment it looked as though the blushing calendar was in for a severe cross-examination. However, the advocate contented himself with a doubtful glare, copied the calendar's evidence as to the date across an outspread document, and proceeded to scratch off a signature which was as imposing as it was illegible—and it was illegible enough to drive Mr. Palmer into hysterics. But the lawyer seemed quite satisfied and gravely presented the sheet to his ecclesiastical client. The latter took it with a happy smile. Another deed meant another lot, and another lot another church. Then out into the cold street—just as the venerable wall-clock, rhythmically beating the pulse of the day, whirred nervously, and somberly boomed the hour of three.

Briskly the clergyman crossed the avenue and turned down Vine Street toward Tenth. From the rear he looked robust enough, this quiet little man with the energetic step. You would never suspect that his face was flushed with a dangerous red; that his eyes were ominously glassy; that it was only an iron will that pushed him doggedly on. Only now and again his hand strayed to his brow and pressed lingeringly against throbbing temples. Then, at Thirteenth Street, he crumpled noiselessly to the ground. And someone, racing up to the dark, silent form, bent down, turned over the shapeless heap, and looked into the agonizing face of Bishop John Nepomucene Neumann.

They lifted him up, bore him into a private dwelling, laid him on the carpet by the open fireplace, and while the flames waved and crackled before him, John Neumann died. Died practically alone—

without friend to console, or priest to anoint, or physician to attend—groped his way out of life *alone*. Oh, the tragic pathos of such a passing! But ah, the electric gladness to think that he died as he lived, in the service of his flock! For the Angel of Death found him as Mary found her Boy, Jesus—busy “about his Father’s business,” and like the Mother of the Christ-child, the Angel took him by the hand and led him home to heaven.

The next day was Epiphany—the day of the Magi and the Star. The day when that Star, the fairest, mellowest fire in a blazing Oriental sky, glimmered and paled and faded away. It had done its work. It had led the Kings to Christ. So God called it back to Himself—Neumann—pure white star flung against the dark firmament of a sordid day, had led *his* quota to Christ—not a caravan of three but a long winding line that no man will ever number. And now on this new Epiphany, the star, having done its work, fades out. The flaming Fingers of God reached down and drew it up to Heaven.

So Neumann died—and scarcely was he cold when an awed Philadelphia lifted its hand, like the Centurion that stood beneath the Cross, and whispered, “Indeed this man was a saint of God.” And all Catholic America bowed its head in reverence and chanted doleful dirges over somber catafalques. Neumann’s praises rang from many pulpits; his name was in many mouths. Death was the revelation of Neumann. Little by little men found out things that made them silent and thoughtful. They had never dreamed—most of them—that this quiet little Bishop used to wear an iron girdle with sharp, pointed teeth to bite into his flesh. They heard with a gasp that this lovable man, so kind to the little ones, was given to lashing himself to blood with a cruel, nail-tipped scourge. This was the real Neumann, the master of the *hidden* life; and when Death surprised him and flung open his deeds to men, they caught their breath and stared as at the unveiling of a monument.

Six days his body lay in state, and each day from early morning till far into the night, thousands upon thousands filed past the sleeping Shepherd, resting so peacefully there on his violet couch. There were rugged, deep-chested laborers who shuffled by dry of eye and firm of mouth, but with a long fixed look that spoke a grief worth oceans of tears. There were wide-eyed little tots scarce able to peep over the coffin’s edge, but their strangely solemn faces gripped a man’s soul and made him realize how much love a little heart can hold and

how poignantly it can grieve. And there were stooped, grizzled fathers and pale, gray mothers, whose eyes were not quite so dry as their parchment hands, and who reverently touched the corpse with a worn rosary or a bright new medal; and so bequeathed them, these precious relics, as a rich legacy unto their issue. We wonder how many of the coats that brushed the casket the dead Bishop had himself bought or given away. How many of these hearts now grieving for him had he comforted when they were grieving over a dear one? And how many lips that quivered as they passed could tell of some secret kindness known only to the Bishop and itself! O you who have experienced his goodness, who have asked for an alms before the doors of his heart and have not gone away empty—you may well tell your stories now. Living, he might have blushed to hear them, but that ashen face is beyond all blushing now. Your tales of a million secret, unknown charities cannot ruffle the marble mask of death. It is all over now. That was a thrilling moment—before the Judge. How Neumann's right hand must have started at his left, and the left at the right, to see each other streaming over with unknown, unthought golden deeds!

There was a eulogy, of course. Archbishop Kenrick preached it—Kenrick of Baltimore, Neumann's predecessor, penitent, friend. And when Kenrick rose over the venerable ashes of the great Neumann he delivered such a panegyric as only an orator might conceive, and only a saint deserve. Little the Archbishop dreamed—good, unsuspecting man—little he dreamed as he wrote his lines to speak them over the corpse of his brother-bishop, that Death had slipped a carbon under his pencil, and that, writing the history of Neumann's end, he was writing the prophecy of his own. "When you go out to attend to your affairs, understand well that you may not return to your home alive. When you lie down to rest, be fully sensible that the morning may find you a corpse." Neumann went out to attend to his affairs and they carried back his clay. And Kenrick went to bed one night and never awoke in the morning.

But that shaft is yet unshot; it is still in the Grim Archer's quiver. For the present, Kenrick of Ireland is preaching over the remains of Neumann of Bohemia, to a congregation that has been subject to the croziers of both. " * * * And his soul now communes with the Ambroses, the Augustines, the Gregories, and especially the sainted Alphonsus whom he imitated so diligently. * * *

Burial was to be in the crypt of St. Peter's, the Church of the Redemptorists—so the sons of St. Alphonsus had petitioned, and to their plea the Archbishop had kindly acquiesced. There is a touching pathos in his brief permission: "I gladly consent to Bishop Neumann's finding in death a resting place where he sought it in life but could not find it."

So they bore him out—him who had walked down that pro-Cathedral aisle so many times—and gently they laid him in the waiting hearse. Philadelphia had never seen such a funeral, and all Philadelphia was there to see it. The avenues were black with people, and there was scarcely a window but framed a group of silent watchers. With muffled drums booming a slow, solemn step and muted trumpets moaning their dreariest dirge, the mournful cavalcade wound through the thronged streets. Fully fifty organizations swung into line behind the hearse. There was a company of police and a company of soldiers; organizations from Philadelphia and organizations from Baltimore; sodalities, literary clubs, beneficial associations; clear-eyed young seminarians and venerable old priests—all were there following in death him whom they had followed in life. The Shepherd still led.

And yet, despite it all, despite the gloomy pomp and black drapery and heavy funeral march, there was something of a triumph, something of a glorious victory-pageant about the whole solemn procession. You sensed it as you gazed. There were those sable plumes fluttering sadly above the hearse; they drooped up there to preach the doleful lesson of black death and bitter mourning; but somehow you could not help thinking how little the black plumes affected him above whom they tossed—him who was now in the realm of golden palms. The grim, narrow casket that boxed up a few dry bones should have been a ghastly and grizzly reminder of the tombstone that is the last milestone of every man's career; but somehow your thoughts flew from the cramped coffin and the pinched, wax-like effigy of death within it to the dazzling, sun-bright Soul that now had all Heaven for its eternal home. And the slow-tolling bells should have chilled the ears they fell upon as they boomed "*Death—Death—remember Death*," but somehow you fancied that as the thundering tones floated skyward they melted and melted away, until when they heard them in heaven it was as the silvery tinkle of an altar bell at the Elevation of Another Christ.

* * *

Neumann is not dead. They err who tell you so. Neumann dead?

Go, ask the shadowy forms that kneel in the blurred darkness around his tomb. Ask them if Neumann be gone, and they will tell you the story of the blind girl who knelt on these very stones and asked Neumann to restore her sight, and lo! she *saw!* They have other tales, too—of the crippled child who suddenly found the strength to walk, of the deaf nun whose ears were opened, and the voiceless woman who spoke. But best of all, they like the tale of that wee slip of a girl who believed with all the beautiful faith of a child that the dead Bishop's spirit still hovered about his tomb. Little Mary Hunneker—Mary, her little playmates called her, but they did not call to her often, for Mary played no games, except Blind Man's Buff, and then she didn't need a handkerchief bound over her eyes, for Mary was blind. *Blind*—hear the whine of misery, of loneliness in the very word! To grope through life with outstretched, feeling palms; to hunch on, all one's days, after a dull, tapping cane. Never to rise to a sunshiny morn; never to see God's great white world of winter and His brown autumn and His green days of summer and His flower-tapestried days of spring—but always night, dark, dark, endless night. * * *

And oh the pity of it, when these blank, sightless eyes stare out of the pretty face of a child!

Little Mary was tired of going to oculists. For six months she had gone to the best of them—and all their skill couldn't let her see a bird, a flower, a star. So she asked to be led to the tomb of "the holy Bishop." She would make a novena. So for nine days they guided her down the stairs to the crypt and set her little knees on the altar-step. And the ninth day, like a star breaking through a cloud, a tiny flame leaped up in the darkness before her—the twinkle of the vigil-light on the altar. Mary Hunneker saw!

Reports of other favors granted through Bishop Neumann's intercession came from every side, and with the reports poured in petitions for the introduction of his cause at Rome. But only in December, 1896, was the process of beatification and canonization introduced in the Eternal City. By that time Neumann had broken into the newspapers, and recently we laughed to see him on an old, time-yellowed copy of the most sensational sheet in the country. On one page was the lurid tale, luridly illustrated, of a murderer tunneling himself out of his cell. On the reverse was the life and reported miracles of Bishop Neumann, also graphically illustrated. It was played up well and the feature-writer had a fine eye for the dramatic. Only you inferred

from the story that next week—or in ten days at most—Neumann would be canonized and America would have its first saint. That reporter prophesied boldly, but perhaps now he is dust and his pen is rust, and Neumann is still uncanonized. The Church does not work, as newspaper men do, under the urgent, nervous pressure of "copy." Like the mills of God, her judicial investigations grind exceeding fine and, therefore, exceeding slow.

But the most amusing journalistic glimpse of Neumann must be conceded to a Pittsburgh daily. There was a staunch local pride and a staggering optimism in its brief headline: "FIRST PITTSBURGHER TO BE MADE SAINT." We are mildly wondering who are the others. That article appeared in December, 1921. It announced the Papal decree which pronounced Neumann's virtues heroic. But whoever wrote it missed the real tale—the story behind the decree, a thrilling addition to the "Stranger Than Fiction" series.

It opens calmly enough. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1921, a Roman monk needed a haircut. Having had that experience before, he coolly directed his steps toward one of those revolving peppermint sticks that have become civilization's accepted symbols for tonsorial artistry. To the white-coated Ed. Pinaud who crammed him—or a good part of him—into a chair, he pointed out that he wanted a neat haircut, a very neat haircut. For he was even now on his way to the Vatican to attend a Solemn Consistory of the Sacred Congregation of Rites presided over by the Pope.

No less. The reverend gentleman in the chair was a consultor on that great Congregation. This morning he was to be the chief consultor, for he was the chief opponent of Bishop Neumann, and this morning Neumann's case was on the calendar. He—but let us give him a name; otherwise our paragraphs will fairly bristle with pronouns. Suppose we call him Padre Carlo. Padre Carlo in all sincerity couldn't see where Neumann had attained an extraordinary degree of sanctity. Heroic virtue—why what was heroic in the life of a common plodder? No remarkable undertakings, no chilling penances, no great trials, no—why it was ridiculous, absurd. Well, on two previous occasions he had pulled the right switch and sidetracked the case; this morning he would derail it, send it crashing to its ruin. No unworthy candidate, no ordinary man like this unheard-of bishop, should be raised to the altars of the Church. Padre Carlo was confident of success. He had a right

to be. He had wired his mine well; a few minutes and he would push the button and Neumann's case would be blown to bits. These last few days he had worked hard. From Cardinal to Cardinal he went, a deadly earnest man, pointing out that Neumann's life was too simple to be a life of heroic virtue. And the Princes of the Church had listened, fascinated, to the eloquence of this black-robed monk with the flaming eyes, and in the end nodded grave assent. So that now he had marshalled a solid red phalanx of Cardinals that stood against Neumann and grimly said: "He shall not pass." Padre Carlo had seen even the Pope, seen him alone, within closed doors, and in low, rapid tones had urged his old point—Neumann's virtues were too simple to be heroic. But the Pope was a little hard to convince—in fact, he could not be convinced at all. Still, when it came to a decision the Pope nearly always ratified the decision of the Cardinals, and Padre Carlo—thanks to his earnest eloquence—had the Cardinals marking time. These sentries of the Church were aroused. The unworthy should not pass. Neumann didn't have a chance.

While these exultant reflections are tumbling over one another inside of Padre Carlo's massive head, just on the other side the scissors have been snipping merrily. The barber, perhaps charmed by his own landscape efforts, begins to grow loquacious—as barbers sometimes do. "Fine day, Padre!" he remarked appraisingly. Padre did not deign to answer. "Er—his Holiness is well, I hope?" The man in the chair was silent. Oh, well—the barber began to whistle unconcernedly. Then he began to grumble at his scissors as being exasperatingly dull; went over to the counter to change them. Came back. "Now, Padre, we'll finish you in a mom—" he stopped, stared, gasped. The scissors fell ringing to the floor. The man in the chair—was *dead*. He had been cutting the hair of a corpse!

Back in the Vatican they were getting impatient. The white-cassocked figure on the throne frowned at the clock and then at the door. Cardinals stirred restlessly and toyed with their dangling crosses. The Postulator of Neumann's cause, Father Benedetti, slowly swept the colorful circle—and his heart sank. Some of them avoided his gaze; others looked cold opposition; a few smiled sympathetically but shook their heads. Father Benedetti dropped his papers limply on the table. It was no use. Poor old Neumann didn't have a chance.

Suddenly there was a noise on the stairway. A clatter of arms.

A tall Swiss Guard swung open the oak door. A messenger burst in, knelt at the throne. "Holy Father—Padre Carlo—dead. Died a half hour ago—on his way here!"

The room was as still as death. Cardinals turned pale, looked at one another with wild, unbelieving eyes. Padre Carlo? Padre Carlo dead? Dead on this the morning of the Consistory? Why, weren't they here waiting for him, waiting to do what he had convinced them they should do, waiting to defeat the case of this unworthy bishop? And here Padre Carlo drops dead. Dead. Could it be that God—

"Come, Holy Ghost," the clear tones of the Pope opened the Solemn Consistory. And then and there, without a dissenting word, Neumann's heroicity was passed. Think of it! An hour before, a half hour before, that Consistory was resolved, determined to block the case, to entomb it in oblivion. But the Angel of Death, riding the firmament, hurled his lightning lance, and the chief of the anti-Neumann cohort fell. The rest surrendered easily. And Neumann's virtues were declared heroic. God's way.

One word about Padre Carlo's death. We hope we are not superstitious. Not fanatical. Not too credulous. Not given to attaching awesome explanations to innocent coincidences. So let us not be misunderstood. We are not poising aloft Padre Carlo's skull, and shouting to all the world (and Mars, too, if it cares to listen), "Do you see this? He dared to oppose the cause of Bishop Neumann. *Look!*" No, not that. A little too sensational, and much too sweeping. Padre Carlo was a good man, a sincere man who worked zealously in a cause he thought was right. It was not right. It was wrong. But he had a firm conviction that it was right. And Padre Carlo's grim zeal stood like the great stone before the tomb of Neumann's cause. So God, not in His wrath, but in His wisdom, gently touched the Great Stone and lo! it rolled harmlessly away. Neumann came out glorious, victorious, triumphant.

That was on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of November, 1921. On Sunday, the eleventh of December, Pope Benedict XV solemnly published the decree of heroicity, and in ringing, fearless sentences that must have made some of his audience wince, pointed out how a simple life could be saintly, and a hidden one heroic.

"Perhaps the very simplicity of his virtues has been misunderstood by those who thought there was no heroic degree in the virtues of the

Servant of God, because in their eyes the good works and holy deeds performed by Neumann are the holy and good deeds which every good religious, every zealous missionary, every good bishop should perform. We shall not pause to remark that works even the most simple, performed with constant perfection in the midst of inevitable difficulties, spell heroism in any servant of God. Just because of the simplicity of his work we find in them a strong argument for saying to the faithful of whatever age, sex or condition: You are all bound to imitate the Ven. Neumann."

So—though America is not watching—Neumann's cause is marching on with banners flying and the roll of throbbing drums. And sweeping on before it—if we can judge the present from the past—is an Angel sent of God to ride down opposition. But before Neumann is beatified, two miracles must be worked through his intercession. We understand that one of these has already been granted. Only one more is required. Perhaps God is only waiting to be asked. Perhaps He is more eager than we to glorify His unassuming son. A miracle—what is a single miracle to the Omnipotent God—whose Hand waves and light leaps from a blazing sun, whose Feet crunch carelessly over the pebble stars, Who hangs a world in space as easily as we would hang a bird cage? So God *can* work a miracle. And will He? Well, do you think God will forget the man that turned from hearth and home for love of Him; the man that became a John the Baptist in the Niagara wilderness, praying, preaching, enduring; the man that vowed never to lose a moment of time and yet worked as though he were making up for a lifetime of wasted hours; the man that wore himself out spreading Christ's Kingdom and fell at last exhausted in His Service—do you think God will forget a man like that? Would *you* forget him? Then God never shall—for no one remembers so well, and rewards so richly as the all-generous God.

That miracle is coming. It will be granted—to someone. It trembles, a beautiful, painted leaf, on the autumn-tree of God's beautiful favors; a whispered Ave Maria may be breath enough to loose it and send it floating to earth. The miracle will be—who knows? Perhaps a twisted limb made straight and strong; perhaps light returning to dark, blind eyes like springs sparkling up in stagnant pools. Perhaps it may come to you or to a loved one. But it *shall* come to great faith and fervent prayer.

And then there will be other miracles—for Neumann will need more to be canonized. * * *

Our tale is guttering out like a spent candle. We can only hope a little wistfully that, when it burned its bravest, it may have thrown just a little circle of light around a man whom men have too long left in the dark. Some day Bishop Neumann is coming out of the Dark into the Light. And because America—even Catholic America—has forgotten him, the resurrection of Neumann will come like the burst of dawn on a tropical sea. For men will marvel that there walked in their midst one whom they knew not; that these United States, so productive of magnates and engineers and surgeons and scientists, have at last produced a canonized Saint.

THE END.

SUITABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Ghost stories and fairy tales in book form, even in Catholic homes, seem to have become ordinary Christmas gifts for children, while a child's Life of Christ in large print, with beautiful colored pictures and substantial cover, would go far to give Catholic children a better understanding of the real object of the Christmas feast, and would help to imprint indelibly on their minds lessons that will never sink as deeply as in childhood, and will never have to be unlearned again as fictitious or superstitious.

Even for grown-ups, Christmas presents might be more frequently of a religious nature, such as a suitable crucifix for the home, a beautiful holy water font, a good Catholic piece for the victrola or piano instead of the latest "jazz"—a pair of beads, a new prayer book, a framed copy of a religious masterpiece, instead of a mere country scene with a herd of cattle—a year's subscription to a Catholic paper or magazine, a good Catholic novel instead of the latest trashy "best seller."

Such gifts will surely be appreciated and there will be less danger of duplicating.

That which renders our sacrifices and our offerings acceptable is the joining of the myrrh to the gold and incense; for though it be bitter, it is useful—it preserves the body which is dead through sin and prevents it from rotting in vice.—*St. Augustine.*

Catholic Anecdotes

HOW BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS EVE IS

Ever since the angels sang joy from the skies on the first Christmas night, Christmas has been a feast of joy. It has a power over our hearts under all circumstances. In the "Life of Michael Carlier, Trappist and Soldier," we can see a beautiful illustration.

On Dec. 8, 1913, Michael Carlier was professed at La Trappe, in France, as Brother Maxime. On August 2, 1914, after the outbreak of the war, he was called to the colors and entered the ranks as Sergeant Carlier. Of one Christmas in the trenches we read:

Christmas was approaching. He had prepared himself for it in the solitude of his heart during all the season of Advent.

"I felt much happiness," he writes, "in meditating on this touching thought of the second, the mystical advent of Jesus who brings to our souls the grace of the spirit of the divine Infancy and of the resolution to enter upon a new life of perfection."

On Christmas eve he wrote to his Reverend Father Abbot:

"We are bivouacking in a wood. When evening comes on what a pleasure it will be to pray in the solitude. If the night be not too cold I anticipate taking a walk amid the fires and tents in the Sapiniere, saying my Aves with my thoughts fixed on the Birth of Jesus. So I shall pray in union with the Blessed Virgin; and I shall unite from a distance with our Fathers at the celebration of the midnight Mass."

And here is the account of the pious vigil which he had promised himself:

"It was very cold in our tiny hut constructed of earth and branches of trees; the corporal kept the fire alive until midnight for his men with a truly maternal solicitude. Here and there in the faint glimmer of the fires a group was singing some old Christmas carol. I could not recover from my wonderment at the change that had come over the mental attitude of the men. These were for me undoubtedly the happiest moments of my life as a soldier.

"I was telling my beads while my heart was full of the unction which this sweet feast inspires. I thought of our Reverend Father,

of our mobilized brethren, and of the entire community which was then chanting the midnight office. At nine o'clock, fancying I heard the dormitory bell of Saint Joseph, I went out from the hut.

"Sergeant, are you going out?" asked some of my men.

"Yes."

"Here, take my muffler," said one.

"Sergeant, take my knitted helmet," said another.

"And when I open the door you shall return to a drink of mulled wine," said the corporal; "I shall make it till midnight."

"Though I had said nothing, they probably suspected what my intentions were. The corporal had even said in the course of the evening when they were speaking of Christmas Eve:

"We will all rise at midnight and say a little prayer with the Sergeant."

"When I re-entered the hut at midnight everything was quiet; the corporal was still stirring his fire.

"Have you finished, Sergeant?" he asked me. "How beautiful Christmas night is."

WALKING IN THE LIGHT

A recent number of the London Universe carried the following description:

Mothers fell down and kissed their daughters' feet in a touching farewell ceremony in the chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries here, of 42 nuns leaving for distant foreign missions.

Eighteen of the nuns are going to the land of unrest and revolution, China. Some are to tend the lepers of Ceylon and Burma. Others will reinforce the missions in Morocco and India.

Msgr. de Guebriant, Superior General of the Foreign Missions, who came to give his blessing to the religious, told them that he left France 44 years ago for a little, unknown corner of China, and when he was left alone on the ship, he was seized with an inexpressible agony.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he opened the "Imitation of Christ." The first verse he read was the following: "He who follows Me does not walk in the darkness."

"I was able," he said, "to shut the book. God had given me a reply as He gave one once to St. Peter walking on the waves."

Pointed Paragraphs

ADVENT DAYS

In the church the side chapel is being curtained off. Some mystery is going on there. We know—and yet we look forward to some surprise of beauty on Christmas morn.

We know they are building the stable and the crib, and putting Our Lady there, and bedding the Little Infant in the straw. Not in very deed—no; they are only images and statues.

But you can do more in every deed, within your soul.

“But thou, O soul of Man....

God makes His dearest home within thy walls.”

“If any man will love Me,” He said Himself, “My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our abode with him.”

Curtain off, then, your heart during these days of Advent, and in the quiet, withdrawn from sight and seeing, build a crib for the Infant Saviour. And be sure to put Our Lady there.

EVEN AS I

God became a child. And He said: “Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

He became a child without giving up either His Divinity or His Power; and even in His Humanity, He grew to full manhood.

We must become as little children without giving up our manhood and power—as little children to God; and receiving the new life of grace, reach perfection of manhood and power in him.

ABOVE AND BELOW

“From above riches and splendor; from below darkness and sore need.” This is one of the many mysterious paradoxes of Bethlehem and the Birth of Our Lord.

Above the heavens open; splendor is poured out over the skies; and angels appear, radiant in glory.

Below, Mary, Joseph and the shepherds—the straw, the crib, and the bare walls of the stable.

What takes place in the heavens is what the believer perceives; what appears below—whisps of straw, a feeble Babe—is all that the skeptic and the unbeliever grasp.

The Angels saw God in the Child—their God. Glory to God—they sang. The believer sees the same: God now a Child.

So can every Christian life be: Heavenward glorious; no matter how poor and lowly earthward.

THE LITTLE AND THE GREAT

Everyone, no doubt, of that crowd that traveled into Bethlehem that first Christmas night, stopped to gaze in wonderment at the palace of Herod; scarcely anyone, if any, glanced at the stable by the wayside to Bethlehem.

Yet today no one cares a fig for the palace of Herod or where it stood or what it was like. But the stable and the crib is still with us after long centuries, and millions pilgrim to it and enter wondering, like the shepherds “glorifying and praising God for the things they had heard and seen.”

Gone is Herod and his richly robed courtiers with him—his generals and his statesmen. The shepherds still live, because they were close to Jesus—in the pious faith of the believer they stand year after year beside the crib, the court of the new-born King of the world.

Faith makes the little great; unbelief makes the great little.

AN ENLIGHTENING PARALLEL

The Lansing State Journal, a secular daily, brings home the reasonableness of the Vatican's claim to complete independence of any secular government in a manner that ought to appeal to the general American public. It is a lawyer's view.

“Here in the United States,” he writes, “we have the expression of a theory in quite a degree similar.

“We have set apart the District of Columbia in order that we may say that the Federal Capital is in none of the States.

“The Vatican wishes to stand, at least theoretically, free of Italy before the world.

"To those not of the Roman Church this may seem like over-refinement of contention or theoretical hairsplitting, as the saying goes, but others will see real substance of meaning in the contention."

A FATHER'S DUTY

The Hon. Francis B. Allegretti, a judge of the Municipal Court of Chicago, was the chief speaker at a recent Holy Name rally. Speaking from his experience, the judge counselled the Holy Name men:

"In the scheme of creation the family was included. You might spend your leisure time at your club, but your duty is in your home, and there you give your children that example. What you teach them by actions and conduct is worth far more than what they might obtain from books.

"Youngsters are hero worshippers and, unless we make for them a hero, to conform with their desires, we are going to be very short-sighted. One lad will worship Babe Ruth, another a great speaker, another a great singer. The father must be watchful that the hero his son chooses is the highest type of man.

"Fathers, be companions to your sons. If the boy has been out the night before, and is asked by his father where he spent his time, he will not be afraid to tell the truth, because he has been made to feel that he can come to his father with his trials and shortcomings.

"A mother may reign supreme in the home, but, without the co-operation and assistance of the father, it is a failure."

JUST ANOTHER CASE BY THE WAY

Last spring a group of representative citizens, sponsored a competition for collegians, the theme being "The Importance of Germany's Entry into the League of Nations." The executive board of this group of scholars was composed of Prof. A. B. Faust, of Cornell University; Prof. H. Elmer Barnes, of Smith College; Prof. A. Busse, of Hunter College; former Congressman Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis; former Supreme Court Judge J. H. Clarke of Cleveland; Prof. W. A. Cooper, of Stanford University; Prof. P. G. Gleis of the Catholic University; Prof. J. T. Hatfield, of Northwestern University; Prof. C. V. Klenze, of the College of the City of New York; Prof. Glen Levin Swiggett of

Georgetown University; Prof. James Woodburn of the University of Indiana, and others.

The membership of the contest board, the contest subject and the general participation of collegians in the contest indicate that the affair was something out of the ordinary, requiring serious research work and a thorough understanding of the subject matter.

There were six prizes for college men and women, and six for those under thirty who had no academic education. The committee received essays from all over the United States. The decision of the judges was made recently, and resulted as follows:

1st prize: Miss Frances Marshall, Radcliffe College; 2nd prize: Miss Gertrude Luening, Seton Hill College; 3rd prize: Miss Marie Matt, St. Catherine's College, St. Paul; 4th prize: Miss Mary Zuber, Seton Hill College; 5th prize: Miss Emma Birknaier, St. Catherine's College, St. Paul; 6th prize: Jos. F. Krammer, St. Thomas College, St. Paul.

All but the first prize went to students of Catholic Colleges.

BAD TASTE

American motion picture companies are deeply stirred by a severe rebuke just administered by the Spanish Government to one of the largest production concerns in the United States and, generally, to the thoughtless methods of Hollywood, according to a Paris dispatch.

The rebuke took the form of barring all Metro-Goldwyn films from Spain and her colonies, by Government order, and protests against the showing in various capitals of Europe of the motion picture called "Valencia," because in it the Spanish people "were subjected to great embarrassment and indignity."

Only after the personal intervention of Ambassador Hammond did Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Dictator, agree to withdraw the ban.

Unbiased observers admitted that "Valencia" contained some unfortunate scenes, likely to provoke resentment of a nation devoted to tradition and custom.

The Madrid daily "El Sol" remarked editorially:

"The Government has just punished an American company for exhibiting films offensive to the Spanish people. The film making concerns of the United States dip too freely into Spanish life and customs

for their locale. Stimulated by the scarcity of originality in their own country, they turn their eyes upon our own literature and legends.

"At the start this recognition of the artistic possibilities of our nation was proper and honorable. Lately, however, Spanish ideas and customs have been grossly misrepresented, and the punishment is warranted."

A SERIOUS INDICTMENT

At the Lutheran Bible Conference in St. Paul, the Rev. A. B. Anderson, of the Lutheran Bible Institute, attacked the University of Minnesota for "undermining the Christian faith of the students and turning out infidels and atheists."

"A broken-hearted mother came to me recently," he said, and said to me: 'I sent my son to the University a Christian, and he came back to me an agnostic.'

"I could sympathize with her," continued the Rev. Mr. Anderson, "for there came to my mind the memory of a very dear friend who was preparing for the ministry with me. He attended the university and today he is a rank atheist."

This seems to be a rather general complaint against our state universities.

ARE THEY ON YOUR LIST?

Is that your Christmas list? It is long—and proves your generosity. Everyone of your loved ones is on it—no one, you are sure, is forgotten. You give, not because they need it, but because you love them.

But is He on it—Whom you wish to have as the nearest and dearest of your household—the Christ Child Himself? He is in need in the poor, in the orphan, in the missions, and sometimes in his tabernacle home. "Whatsoever you do to the least of My brethren you do it unto Me."

Would you enjoy Christmas more for remembering Him?

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is in reality no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help THE STORY OF PERPETUAL HELP

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Not only art Thou prompt to help
The dwellers of the Roman lands,
But e'en the world at large, where stands
Thy Picture beautiful.

(Translated from the Latin hymn of F. X. Reuss, C.Ss.R.)

Thus sings the poet when he recalls the world-wide conquest of our Lady's most popular picture—the Picture of Perpetual Help! And true, indeed, is his song. For the sun shines on no land where our Lady's Picture is not enshrined. Perpetual Help smiles on the icy snows of Siberia. Children venerate it on the burning sands of Africa. The almond eye of Japan looks lovingly upon it and says, It is beautiful. The Americas, both North and South, count it as their most precious heritage. France, Germany, Italy, in fact, all Europe, joins in the melodious hymnody to our Mother of Perpetual Help. Verily, then, can she exclaim with the poet:

"My name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends."—*Pope*.

Its popularity is also attested to by the numerous sodalities founded in its honor. But to be more specific. Up to the year 1925 more than 1,250 of these sodalities had applied to Rome for enrollment as branches of the great Archsodality of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus. The number of the faithful who belong to these sodalities is startling. For example. As early as 1902 Spain boasted of 1,800,000 members. The Archdiocese of Cologne in Germany counted more than 500,000. And in 1916 Belgium had inscribed over 200,000. All together the total is reckoned at nearly 4,000,000. Think of that vast multitude offering up a daily prayer to the Mother of Perpetual Help!

Schools and churches, too, have been dedicated to our Mother of Perpetual Help. In the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer

alone she is the chief patroness of more than 47 churches and convents. Even in 1902 loyal hearts in France had enshrined our Image in more than 12,000 churches or public chapels, and since that time the number has considerably increased. During the fierce persecutions in Belgium against any kind of Catholic institution, the Catholics enrolled themselves under the banner of Perpetual Help. She, they well knew,

"Who trod

On Satan erst with starlike scorn"—*Aubrey de Vere*, would be like an army in battle array against the foes of the Church. In every school, in every classroom it had its throne. Children carried it in their books. Devout mothers prayed before it at home. And true to her title, she came to their help and gained the day.

Had you entered, some years ago, the rooms which the Zouave soldiers, more commonly known as the Papal Guard, occupied at the Vatican, you would have found a picture of Perpetual Help hanging in every room (85 in all). And today should you visit the new Pontifical Seminary at the Lateran, you would likewise observe this picture in all its apartments.

Its popularity is evident also from the numberless books, pamphlets, periodicals, and magazines published in its honor. And what shall we say of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of pictures that are distributed annually throughout the world? Just to give an instance. Benziger's House in Switzerland, in the course of 34 years, printed 2,409,500 pictures of Perpetual Help. And O. Kühlen (representing a German firm) asserted, and many others have agreed with him, that no other holy picture is so much bought and sold as ours. This is also true of medals. The House of Penin at Lyons, France, up to the year 1897, had struck about 50,000,000 medals of Perpetual Help. True it is that if we wished to get some faint idea of the world-wide popularity of Perpetual Help, we would have to imagine the sky as a mighty mirror, and consider the stars as heavenly reflections of its pictures on earth!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Enclosed please find offering for Masses. I wish you would publish in THE LIGUORIAN that my two petitions have been heard through the intercession of the blessed Lady of Perpetual Help."—Chicago.

He is doubly sinful who congratulates a sinful knave.

Catholic Events

A Mexican Bishop, exiled by Calles and now in the United States, has received from one of his priests a letter which gives us an idea of the heroism of Mexican priests, who at the constant risk of their lives, are still trying to minister secretly to their people.

"It is now one month and a half that I have been visiting the rural districts, remaining from two to three days at every place visited. In the country I find less desolation among the common people than in the urban districts, but I find devotion to the Church strong everywhere, and especially a longing for religious services.

"I have baptized a large number of children in different parishes, but among them few children more than 15 days of age have been presented for baptism, showing that the priests are not failing to visit these places, in spite of the great distances to be traveled and the difficulties to be encountered.

"The people seem to have developed a special sense for discovering the place where a priest is to be found.

"I can say the same with regard to marriages as I said with regard to baptisms.

"Some of the sick have not been able to obtain the consolations of their religion, and have died in distance places without the Sacraments, but God has been generous and most of those deprived of the Last Sacraments have been innocent children.

"At night, I teach Catechism. The people love to be told about the Blessed Virgin. Whenever it is possible to expose the Blessed Sacrament, great crowds gather and watch in tears.

"I believe that the renewal of the religious exercises is more necessary to those who have abandoned their church than it is to these pious folk because these people are multiplying their acts of charity at a time when those who have a tendency to Bolshevism will, if the churches remain closed, be corrupted entirely. For the present they are not corrupted, they are only deceived."

* * *

New light is thrown on the methods of the Calles regime in Mexico by a series of documents, published in facsimile, by the Hearst papers. These documents, said to be from the secret archives of the Mexican government, were obtained from employees who are opposed to the bolshevist activities of the Calles regime and delivered to the Hearst publications by "officials intimately connected with the Mexican government."

The Washington *Herald* claims to have the originals of these documents and will make them available to the State Department and Congress. They contain evidence more than sufficient to justify the action of President Coolidge and the Secretary of State in intervening in

Nicaragua to fulfill American obligations, and more than sufficient to justify Secretary Kellogg's assertion that Mexico fomented revolution in Nicaragua and that a close relation existed between the bolshevism in Russia and the bolshevist principles, policies and activities of the Calles Government.

* * *

Mexican migratory workers, pouring into Colorado each year to labor in the beet fields, constitute a huge problem, from a Catholic, moral and social standpoint, and one that grows so fast each year that efforts to solve it are losing ground rather than making headway, says the fourth annual report of the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado State Council of the K. of C.

The Mexican laborers in the State have now grown to 23,000. Various agencies are laboring to drive them to Socialism of the Red type.

"While interest in their religious welfare," says the report, "has increased and greater efforts are being put forth in their behalf, the number of Mexicans have greatly increased and the conditions and influences adversely affecting their religious faith have also increased and are more difficult to cope with. It is doubtful if more than 10 per cent of the migratory workers in Northern Colorado, at least, have any contact whatever with the Church."

* * *

More than 2,000 children are enrolled in the confraternity centers of the San Diego (Calif.) district. The average attendance of this little army of catechists is as high as 80 per cent.

One hundred and five lay teachers contribute their services to the work of teaching, and forty Sisters give regular instruction.

This great work of safeguarding the Faith of the little ones, while it touches children of nearly all nationalities, is particularly directed toward the teaching of Mexican families swarming into the district.

Among the Sisters are twenty-six exiled Mexican Sisters, driven hither by the persecution raging in Mexico.

* * *

The recent convocation of the 8th Apostolic Provincial Council of Peru, at Lima, was marked by an official dinner and reception given to the members of the Episcopate by President Leguia and the members of his government. The Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Serafino Cimino, the Archbishop of Lima, all the cabinet ministers, the presiding officers of both legislative houses, and a number of other high ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries were present.

President Leguia, in a formal address to the members of the Episcopate, said:

"There has never been, nor can there be, any reason why the State should be hostile to the Church, which our Constitution protects, and which is so profoundly rooted in our national consciousness. On the contrary, as a practical Catholic, and as the head of a nation which glories in its Catholic Faith, I rejoice in expressing the wish that between Church and State there may always be the closest harmony, within the clear and definite limits of their separate activities."

Some Good Books

The Study of the Bible. By L. Fillion, S.S. Translated by John C. Reville, S.J. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$3.00.

"To all my brethren in the priesthood," writes Father Fillion in his preface, "especially to the younger generation, to all Religious, to all educated men and women of the laity, who do me the honor of reading this book, I earnestly address the words: 'Become more and more the friends, the champions of the Bible.'"

When we think of the manner in which Bishop Barnes (Anglican) of Birmingham, addressing young students whose minds are only in formation, swept away the sacred authority of the Bible and advised these youthful hearers to do the same—it must be clear that the Bible needs friends and champions.

The present book will undoubtedly help to give every reader a real love for the Bible, or deepen that love if he already possesses it. Father Fillion, whose death has just been announced, was a profound scholar; that insures the solidity of the work. He gives us not only valuable hints on the manner of studying the Bible, but crowds his pages with interesting information. Father Reville has given us a very readable translation.

The Romance of a Priest. By Rev. Paul A. Kelly. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, postpaid, \$1.90.

"In every true romance," writes Father Kelly, "certain factors are present which are not ordinarily discerned by the onlooker."

Very beautifully, indeed, Father Kelly proceeds to show us, in the ordination and ministrations of the priest, precisely these deeper realities and sanctities, which can be perceived only by Faith.

This book will make a good gift for a priest or student—or for parents whose boys would like to be priests.

Convent Echoes. By Sister M. Paracita. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.00.

A dainty little book this is, for all those who love prayer in poetry.

Mrs. Kathleen Norris, the well known novelist and writer, introducing the Sister's poems, compares them to the mural paintings of the old monasteries and the exquisite illuminating of old parchments: "These were not done by trained, systematic hands, by calculating and selfishly-ambitious hearts. No, these were done simply for love—for love of God." This same note characterizes the poems.

Lost in the Arctic. Adventures of Two Boys. By Jon Svensson, S.J. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, postpaid, \$1.10.

We have any amount of adventure stories for boys and girls: Indian stories, Boy and Girl Scout stories, soldier and sailor stories, success stories. Boys and girls ordinarily revel in adventure.

Father Svensson's *Lost in the Arctic* is a splendid story—alive, full of thrills, moving fast, and with a healthy atmosphere. Our youngsters, boys and girls, will surely enjoy this book. A good Christmas suggestion this.

Our Sacraments. By Rev. William R. Kelly. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 60 cents.

A little book, with picture cover, large print for young eyes, and attractively colored pictures scattered almost on every page; surely all the "trappings" of a real child's book.

But this is a book of "Instructions in Story Form," the sub-title tells us. The instruction element is good—because it brings back the very words of the catechism, and thus, as Cardinal Hayes says in the preface, "will prove a helpful adjunct to the catechism in concentrating the children's mind on the traditional answers of the more formal method of teaching." And the story element is good—up to the minute. Another Christmas suggestion.

Lucid Intervals

A Frenchman went to an American and asked him:

"What is a polar bear?"

The American told him.

"What does a polar bear do?"

"Why he sits on the ice."

"Sits on ze ice?"

"Yes," said the American, "there is nothing else for him to sit on."

"Vell, what he do too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eats fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I do not accept," said the Frenchman.

"Why, what do you mean? You don't accept? I don't understand you."

"Oh, non, non. I do not accept. I was invite to be polar bear at a funeral!"

"Are you a doctor?" she asked the young man at the soda fountain.

"No, madam," he replied, "I'm just a fizzician."

"Let's go for a spin."

"All right, old top."

"He put on speed, thinking he could beat the train to it."

"Did he get across?"

"He will as soon as the tombstone maker has it finished."

Mistress—I notice that a lot of our china is getting chipped, Mary.

Mary—Can't be me, mum. When I breaks, I breaks things proper.

Simp — What? You flunked that course again?

Sap—What do you expect? They gave me the very same exam.

"I shall never marry now!" said the rejected lover.

"Don't be foolish! Why not?" inquired the girl.

"Well, if you won't have me, who will?"

"I've swallowed my collar-button," gasped the professor.

"Well," responded his wife, "you know where it is, anyway!"

Alice—Are you a sailor's sweetheart?

Mildred—No. I don't like salt with my mush.

He—I just got a set of balloon tires.

She (eagerly) — Why, George, I didn't know you had a balloon.

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a Negro.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yassah," answered the Negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"Over de radio."

"Do you know, our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."

"That's nothing; we have a laundryman that does the same thing."

"How do you know that it was a stork and not an angel that brought your little brother?"

"Well, I heard daddy complaining about the size of the bill, and angels don't have bills!"

Judge—Pat, I wouldn't think you would hit a little man like that.

Pat—Suppose he called you an Irish slob?

Judge—But I'm not an Irishman.

Pat—Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?

Judge—But I'm not a Dutchman.

Pat—Well, suppose he called you the kind of slob that you are?

"Here, boy," growled a tightfisted buyer of a newspaper, "what's this you were yelling about 'Great Swindle—Sixty Victims'? I see nothing in the paper about it."

"Great Swindle!" shouted the youth, even more loudly. "Sixty-one Victims!"

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,263.42
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